

## HARD ON THE AGENT

Young Lawyer Proved That He Was Boss of His Room.

Real Estate Man Who Thought Otherwise in the End Was Rather Glad to Admit That It Was the Renter's Castle.

The young lawyer who lives in a hall bedroom on the South side, says the Chicago Tribune, was much incensed the other evening when, coming home from the office from which during the day he carries papers over to the county building, he saw displayed in the one window of his small room a large sign proclaiming that the flat of which his room was an infinitesimal part was for rent.

The flat was to be vacated on the first of the month, and the young man was to leave at that time and hunt up a new home. But he had his hall bedroom engaged and paid for up to that date. He had read enough Blackstone to believe that every man's home was his castle. He wasn't quite sure that Blackstone would have regarded a front hall bedroom as a castle, but, then, front hall bedrooms were not known in Mr. Blackstone's day.

He carefully examined the sign that the real estate agent had put in his room, and then he took his mulligan brush and dipped it in the red ink and put in large letters across the face of the "For Rent" card these words: "No hot water in this flat."

This was the truth, and for that reason it was doubly distasteful to the real estate agent when he saw it next day. He immediately took the card out and put in a fresh one. Then he left a note on the table which was addressed: "To the tenant of this hall bedroom." The note was short and to the point. It said: "Kindly leave 'To Rent' sign in this room alone."

The young lawyer took the new "For Rent" card and drew a skull and cross bones on it, and underneath the words "Beware," when the agent saw this the next day he roared like a mountain lion. He



THAT SETTLED MATTERS.

charged up the stairs, and as soon as the landlady admitted him he rushed into the hall bedroom and put up a fresh sign in place of the decorated one. He left an extremely vigorous note for the young lawyer on the table. That night the young lawyer sighed when he saw there was a brand-new card for him to ornament. "This is getting hard work," he said. "I ought to charge 50 cents apiece for decorating these things." He sat down and put in wide letters in red ink on the card, so that it read:

"Give up all hope ye who enter here."

That night the real estate man had a stormy session with the young lawyer. "I'll have the law on you," he shouted. "I'll have you in jail for criminal libel. I'll show you how to interfere with my business. You've been the means of my failing to rent this flat."

"This is my hall bedroom house," said the young lawyer, sweetly. "It is my castle. I pay three dollars a week of tolerably good money for the use of it. I have a right to say what sort of cards should go in the window. Besides your presence greatly annoys me, and I request you to step out of my palatial apartment." Then he drove the real estate agent out.

The agent consulted a lawyer and the latter wrote a note to the tenant of the hall bedroom threatening dire things if he decorated any more "For Rent" cards. The agent waited the next morning until the young lawyer went down town, so that no ornamentations in red ink could be added to the cards.

But the hall bedroom tenant came home that night and cut out letters in the card so that it read: "Cheap Lodging-House. No Hot Water." Then he put this in the window with two or three candles behind it and the effect from the street was beautiful. The agent had come down that evening with a prospective tenant who had about decided to take the flat. The tenant saw the transparency and then turned around to the agent. "Why," he said, "you didn't tell me there was no hot water in the building."

That settled the matter. The agent crawled up to the young lawyer's room and tearfully begged the privilege of putting an unornamented sign in his bedroom window. He also carried with him a box of cigars that he placed on the dressing table. "Why, certainly," said the young lawyer, "to be sure. Why didn't you ask me before? I merely wanted to assert my rights as the lawful boss of this hall bedroom. Smoke up."

## ITALY'S ROYAL CRADLE.

It Is an Admirable Work of Art, Made of Rare Wood and Ornamented with Precious Coral.

Shortly before the birth of the present king of Italy the city of Naples thought it would be a graceful act to present his mother, Queen Margherita, with a cradle, and therefore it invited some of the best known artists in the country to submit designs. As a result many were submitted, and it was no easy task for the committee in charge of the affair to select the most appropriate. Finally that one was chosen in which the two qualities of beauty and utility were best combined.

From this model an admirable work of art was fashioned. Rare wood,



ITALY'S ROYAL CRADLE. (Made by Some of the Great Artists of the Past Generation.)

after being shaped into a cradle, was deftly carved by skilled artists and was then further adorned with countless little ornaments of coral, mother-of-pearl, pieces of lava and sea shells, so arranged that they presented the appearance of clusters of cameos. In this costly bed the present King Victor was laid very soon after his birth, and in it he passed the first months of his life. The same cradle was recently brought from the Capo di Monte Castle to Rome, to be used by his first-born child.—N. Y. Herald.

## TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.

One of the Leading Candidates for President of the Newly-Established Cuban Republic.

Tomas Estrada Palma, the leading candidate for president of the new Cuban republic, has been ever associated with the cause of Cuba Libre, and was for a long time the manager of the junta in New York. His life has been an active one, spent in the service of his country and devoted to the principles of liberty and political equality he imbibed from the study of American institutions. A native of Cuba, he is descended from an ancient family of Castile. He was born at Bayamo in 1835, studied law in Spain and determined when a youth to free Cuba from the yoke of the dons. In 1877 he partly realized his ambition when he was elected president of the Cuban republic. He now bids fair to be made the head of a republic which



TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA. (Leading Candidate for President of the Cuban Republic.)

will be more than the dream of a patriot. After his election he served in the field during the ten years' war, in which over 200,000 Spanish soldiers fell. At the close of that strife he refused to swear allegiance to the king and exiled himself in Honduras, where he married and became postmaster general and otherwise conspicuous as a statesman. In 1883 he came to America, established an educational institution, and as soon as the last revolution appeared threw himself into it heart and soul.

## Snake Mine in Indiana.

A strip of abandoned land east of Jeffersonville, Ind., is alive with snakes, some of the reptiles measuring five feet in length. The field belongs to Frank Kaelin. W. W. Lyon, a civil engineer, was running the boundaries a few days ago, that the land might be fenced, and he encountered the snakes and abandoned his work. Kaelin went to the field to build the fence. The sun was warm, and the ground seemed to be covered with the crawling reptiles. Men who were with Kaelin charged on the snakes with clubs and killed 75, while many escaped. The fence was finally built, but the workmen frequently stopped to wage a war of extermination on the snakes. Then Kaelin's son started to plow up the ground, and the first furrow turned up snakes of all sizes. A large one took refuge under one of the horses, coiling around the animal's leg. The boy killed 16 snakes.

## Are Almost Too Modest.

A peculiar custom exists among the women of the Soolina and Mondigo tribes of Western Africa. Only with veiled faces will they eat or drink in the presence of a man.

## DEAD MAN RETURNS.

Came Back to His Friends After They Had Buried Him.

Afterward He Inspected His Grave and Read with Delight the Letters of Sympathy That Had Been Sent to His Family.

Col. Prentiss Ingraham, novelist, confederate officer, hero of several wars, and an adventurous spirit generally, had the floor.

"Yes," he said in response to an inquiry from a Washington Star man, "I was buried just back of a little church in Marietta, Ga."

"Alive?" asked the horrified listener.

"They didn't think I was at the time," laughed the colonel, "but let me explain. I was soldiering then for the lost cause, and in the course of my duties I slipped away one night quite unbeknownst, as it were, to do some secret service work. The next morning a shell from a federal cannon came over our way and exploded right in front of a man on my horse, with the result that there were only scraps of him left. Naturally enough, my friends thought it was I, as the horse was still recognizable, and they had a funeral, at which I was a leading character, but did not even do a thinking part. My sisters were notified of my death, and just back of the little church was a grave with a headstone bearing an inscription including my name and a date or two. Which was a good deal more than most soldiers got at that time. Of course, I didn't know anything about all this, and when my work was finished, which was in about ten days, I returned to camp. I got there about dusk, and headed for a tent where we did our eating, such as it was, and the first man I met was Jake, our colored boy, who was going into the tent with a two-bushel basin of soup occupying both his hands.

"Hello, Jake," says I, never thinking about anything but the soup's savory smell.

"But Jake didn't say a word. He just stared at me for an instant, turned a grayish white and dove headforemost into the tent, hurling the soup basin before him and scattering its contents over a half dozen officers sitting around a table. I was



"HELLO, JAKE," SAYS I.

close on his heels, and as they looked up in surprise at the sudden shower of soup and the unceremonious entry of Jake, they saw me, and with a smothered sort of yell, they began tumbling over each other, upset the table and the tent and for the next ten minutes there was the blindest mix-up you ever saw. I couldn't understand what it all meant, but I had sense enough to know that somebody would be hurt in the wreck unless help came pretty soon, and I took a hand at getting matters into shape. By doing this I had a chance to catch hold of an officer or two who couldn't get away, and when they found I wasn't a ghost they grew calmer and began to explain. That was easy enough, you know, when things were quieter and we had pulled Jake out from the bottom and restored him to consciousness, for the darky had collapsed entirely. You know darkies have no use for ghosts.

"They told me the story of the man being killed on my horse, and, thinking it was I, they had buried me and had a real funeral sermon by a preacher who lived at Marietta. Next day they showed me my grave, and it made me feel a little bit queer to look at it, but I wasn't sorry I was able to do so. I wrote to my sisters explaining that the report of my death was a mistake, and they wrote me that they had gone into mourning for me, but I needn't worry on that account, as the black dresses could be trimmed in colors and still be useful. You see, they were disposed to have fun with me when they found I was all right. What newspapers were in existence had nice notices of me, and the pleasant things said about me in letters of condolence to the family really made me quite satisfied that something had happened to call forth such expressions."

## Hard on the Liquor Seller.

The police of Denmark, says an exchange, have a curious way of dealing with the drunk and incapable found in the streets. They summon a cab and place the patient inside it; then drive to the station, where he gets sober; then home, where he arrives sober and sad. The agents never leave him till they have seen him safe in the family bosom. Then the cabman makes his charge, and the police surgeon makes him, and the agents make their own claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the host of the establishment where the culprit took his last overflowing glass.

## SOMNAMBULIST'S END.

Young Iowa Farmer Kills Himself in His Sleep as One He Had Read Of Did Awake.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Clinton, Ia., says that after doing odd things in his sleep nearly all his life, Clifford Sadoris, the only son of a prosperous farmer living near Dewitt, capped them all by committing suicide while in a somnambulist condition. In the middle of the night he got up, loaded his gun with buckshot, went down to the barn and fired the charge into his heart, making a frightful wound. His father found him dead next morning.

The young man's sleep-walking feats had been for several years the



CARRIED HIS BED DOWNSTAIRS.

subject of gossip among his neighbors. He had been known to get up in the night, do all the chores he was in the habit of doing in the morning and return to bed without awakening. One night he took his bed apart, carried it down to the parlor, set it up there and slept half the night in it. Then he took it apart and was carrying it upstairs again when he was awakened. On another night he had hitched up a team and was driving off to work when his father waked him up.

Before he went to bed on the night on which he killed himself, the young man had been reading to his parents a story in a newspaper about another young farmer who committed suicide in the barn by firing a charge of buckshot into his body. The story told how the other farmer did it and it impressed young Sadoris greatly. He expressed great sympathy for a man whose mind was in such a condition that he would so end his life. Soon afterward he went to bed. Some time in the night he killed himself in exactly the same manner as the man of whose death he read.

His parents testified at the inquest that he was happy and had no reason to kill himself, but the verdict was suicide.

## END OF A ROMANCE.

Ohio Girl, Clothed in Male Attire Marries Man of Her Choice in a Chicago Police Station.

Capt. Mahoney's office at the Harrison street police station, at Chicago, was the scene of a marriage that would have made a fitting climax to a melodrama. Cruelty of a stepfather, flight from home over many miles on freight trains, disguise of the bride in male attire to escape detection and finally arrest and detention in a Chicago police station figured in the first act. Martha Snyder the bride, was 19 years old, and Fred Cooper, the bridegroom, two years older. Justice Prindiville performed the ceremony.

Martha was still attired in male garb, which she had donned before leaving Steubenville, O. For a time Justice Prindiville was under the im-



"WHERE'S THE GIRL?"

pression that he was being made the victim of a practical joke.

"Where is the girl?" asked the magistrate as he entered the captain's office.

"I guess she's not far off," Capt. Mahoney answered. "See if you can find her."

"Give it up," said the justice after scrutinizing every face in the room. "Matron Murphy is the only woman I see here."

The magistrate would hardly be convinced even when the girl was pointed out to him. She resembled a schoolboy of 16. The ceremony was performed and then Capt. Mahoney proposed that a purse be raised to buy the girl a wedding gown. In five minutes the captain collected ten dollars, which he presented to the bride. She thanked the captain and then burst into tears.

## Texas Oil Pipe Line.

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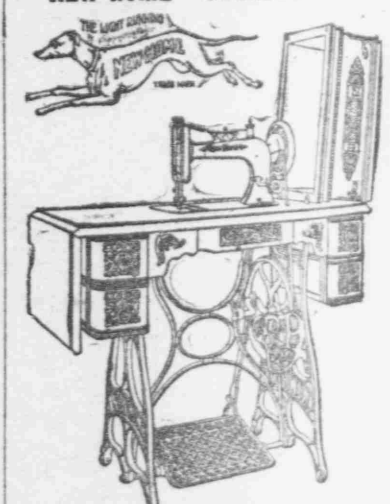
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